

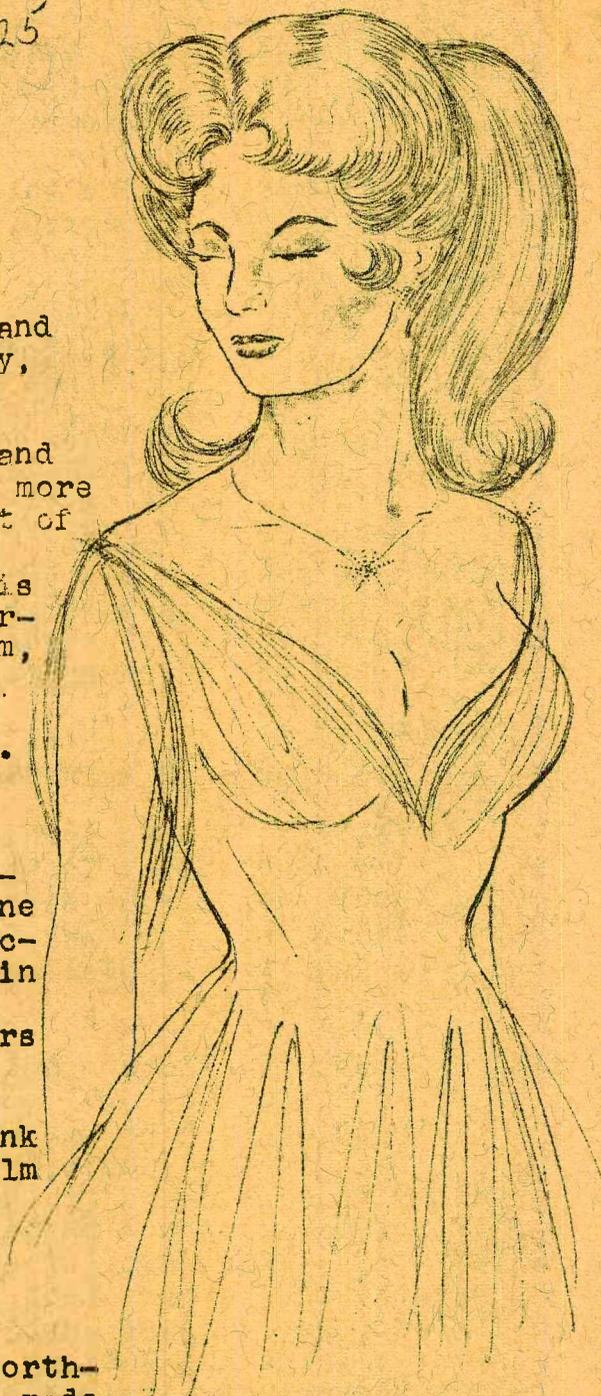
YANDY #25

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That change of address involves a long and back-breaking story, which I will do no more than synop here. In May Buck and a raft of other office workers at Honeywell got a big fat goombye (one of them a man in his fifties who'd been with the company nearly 30 years -- they're that sort of warm, lovable organization). A new job materialized, but in Muncie, which was one awk of a drive from Wabash, so we moved. After six year's accumulation and imbedding. It was horrible, believe me, and involved two sprained backs and one busted car (my father-in-law's) and general cases of exhaustion all around. One good result -- the house we presently occupy is B*I*G* ...eight rooms in the main house and five extras in the form of summer kitchens, tool rooms, root cellars and whatnot. Very very nice..... And bad point, the new job didn't last very long, but another one turned up, we thinkand sidelight -- whereas the big Palm Sunday tornados went past ten miles to the south of us at Wabash, here they went by a half mile to the north...so maybe we've had our close call for this decade.

This issue is pretty sloppy, and I forthwith take back the crack about inking I made at Speer in the last mailing. But we have this \$5 Speed-o-print and I just had to try it out. Feeding time in two hours, fellow guinea pigs. There's nothing wrong with it that a bit more practice on my part wouldn't cure, but I doubt if I get in that much, .. I may use it to mimeograph envelopes for Yandro, but now that I've experimented, I'll probably go back to the Tower and Gestetner more or less permanently. It's actually a nice little mimeo, even if at the moment it has a home-made ink pad held in place by garter elastic. You poor male fans just don't understand how simple it is to make machines behave if you just try a little feminine guile on them...

JWC



ONE FINCH OF SOUR OWN CRUD
by R.S.C.

DAMBALLA (Hansen) While mature fans exist and I have met them, I doubt like hell that such a thing as a mature group of fans exist -- or at least, not a mature organized group.

HORIZONS (Warner) You're so right about fans buying the history just to see themselves mentioned. Not me, though; I'm going to look thru a copy before I buy it and if I'm not mentioned I won't even buy the thing. (At least, you won't get any complaints from me that way.) Of course, the trouble is that fandom, more than any other group, is composed of individuals. One can't get by with simply mentioning the West Slobbovian club, since it isn't the club that's important, but individual members of the club. And you get in everyone's name and the history is too long to publish. I'm interested in seeing how close you come to achieving the impossible.

Mortality; I'm still firmly convinced that I'm not gonna go. I suspect that when I do go, it will be kicking and screaming and complaining that I'm too young to die. (It isn't old, really.....) However, I've become more or less resigned to the fact that I am not going to become rich and famous and travel to exotic lands; I guess that's a sign of approaching middle age.

ANKUS (Pelz) I'm staying in FAPA because my wife is hooked on the thing. Beat that for a reason. Lovely little pome there.

ASP (Donaho) What's so doublethink about a pig eating bacon and eggs in Dr. Doolittle? In real life they eat their own young if you don't watch them. Maybe city kids ignore the fact that meat comes from animals; get 'em Back On The Farm and they'll learn quick enough. Farm life is Real and Filled With The Basic Essentials, and Earnest, and Dirty.

MININAC (Jacobs) I'd comment, but that paper blinded me.

GODOT (Deckinger) "The Men From U.N.C.L.E." was conceived as a parody of the Fleming novels. P*A*R*O*D*Y! Even if you can't figure that out from watching it, God knows they've announced their intentions enough. And a parody is certainly affected by the elimination of the original. (Of course, the Fleming books will be around for years, but as they fade in general public interest, U.N.C.L.E. will fade, too. Notice anybody doing Spillane parodies these days?)

After all the hue and cry over guns, I'm happy to see that the foul purveyors of airplane glue are also running into troubles with the law. Of course, the kids aren't bothered a bit; they've simply shifted to sniffing cleaning fluid. But banning that dirty airplane glue is certainly a triumph for law and order. Now if we can ban the sale of cleaning fluid, and maybe we'd better include turpentine, since it has the same effect if you get enough of it..... why, then they'd be reduced to sniffing court orders.

SALUD (E. Busby) The Serendipity Singers are probably the worst singing group in this country (worst professional group, I meant -- tho now that I think of it, they're worse than any amateur group that I've personally encountered). Of course, their problem is that they're imitating the New Christy Minstrels, which is a lousy group to begin with and the imitation, naturally, isn't as

good as the original. Of course, I don't like the Rolling Stones, either..... One thing I've noticed; no matter what the type of popular music, there are always a few "graduates" from the hill-billy field among its more successful practitioners. Witness Glen Campbell and Dusty Springfield, among the ones you mention (and possibly some of the others, for all I know; about half of those you mentioned I've never heard).

ESDACYOS (Cox) Whatever happened to Dave Hulan?

CAC (Metcalf) Well, you wrote me once, saying, "Why should I bother publishing NEW FRONTIERS anymore?", or words to that effect. (I wonder if I saved that letter?) Of course, this certainly is not the same as saying that you absolutely were not going to publish again, but it does give that impression. (However, I wasn't the fan who informed Warner that you weren't going to publish -- he never asked me.)

PHANTASY PRESS (McPhail) If we were in the top 10 in publishing in 1964, FAPA is going to hell. Still, I suppose it's the quality that counts, not quantity.

THE SILVER SPRING ETC. (Ellik?) Having discovered Schoonover years ago, I can be patronizingly approving at your discovery. He is better, however, at fairly "straight" historical biography (The Spider King, The Prisoner Of Tordesillas) than he is at historical novels. But he's better at both of them than he is at science fiction.

Costain is the Gernsback of historical novelists; he is so careful to get his background absolutely correct, and his language in the proper style, that he neglects his story and emerges with an extremely long novel filled with pompous trash. (Of course, my own favorite historical novelist, Kenneth Roberts, shares some of the same defects, but somehow with Roberts I don't mind so much.)

SERCON'S BANE (F. Busby) C'mon, Buz; awhile back you and Elinor were all hot about Having One's Own Fanzine and all that. If you are going to be independent, be independent; if you're going to claim joint publication, don't make such a noise about Extending One's Personality By Individual Effort, or whatever it was.

Now I see why you get in on all the dirt and I don't. Bergeron asks you for help on an amendment, and you give it to him. I'd have told him to write his own goddamned amendment and let it go at that.

SELF-PRESERVATION (Hoffman) There is a Swedish fan using the name "Carl Brandon" -- or there was; I haven't heard anything from him recently. However, he's the same fan who formerly went under another name (which I can't for the life of me remember tonight). In fact, I think he formerly operated under a couple of different names, and I got the impression from somewhere that he was actually changing his legal name, and not just using pseudonyms.

CADENZA (Wells) I wouldn't endorse any policy of absolute freedom of speech. I would approve of freedom within legal limits, but we seem to pretty well have that now, according to your own quotes. Every freedom has limits; not one is absolute.

Now I know why I'm a mediocre chess player; I have no soul!
Just how in hell does Eric Blake propose to enforce his idea of "equity"? Or even define it so that it can be enforced?

EGGS AND MARROWBONE

Herewith and etcetera will be comments on FAPA mlg lll by JVC (for you nervous types — that's me, Juanita, not Brer Jawn). This will be run, I fondly hope, on a Speed-o-print model L with supposedly adjustable registration; so I will be in a gnarly mood if I have to cut off and set down or up all these few stencils I'm going to cut. The mimeo was a parting bonus, the only one Buck got, on his leaving a brief stay with Dawson Sheet Metal in Muncie, Indiana. This was after he left Honeywell in Wabash. (It's difficult to realize there are lots of FAPA members who don't know this, because we've been over the thing already in Yandro. Anyway, we've moved, Buck has another job now to replace the one he lost and there may be more details later on in this — or there may not).

Anyway, the Model L cost \$5 and needed only the replacement of one ink pad bar, with a wooden dowel as it turns out. We shall see how this works — and if it doesn't, there's always the Tower to fall back on. I am not going to switch over to a four-hole rig on the Gestetner just to run something through FAPA. After all....

The JDM Bibliophile: This didn't do a thing for me, but Don and Maggie Thompson locked it over and got all interested in joining the waitlist if it promises a future of this sort of (to them) goodies.

Damballa: We buy corflu by the dozen. When one bottle starts getting thick I save it for patching and non-careful work and open a fresh one. Sometimes I combine several old patchy bottles, and occasionally the stuff gets so gummy I just throw it out — it isn't all that expensive.

I like your artwork very much, but I don't care for its greyness contrasted with the type. I bet I could get a closer match with hand stencilling.

Buck has looked into civil service possibilities, and decided if nothing better might come up, he might take the exam. Something has, temporarily, but we'll keep your comments in mind against future shifts of fortune.

HORIZONS (and no, I have no idea why I suddenly started capitalizing — forgetful or sloppy, I guess): I think the prejudice against hearing aids is due to their association with old age, particular tragi-comic little old ladies with ear trumpets. This might be attributed to the fact that a modern, so to speak, aid for the hard of hearing came along much later than vision aids; after all, bifocals have been with us since Ben Franklin, and all you need to do is streamline the frames. All the time you look at famous paintings of America's great and encounter spectacles — even a few photographs of Lincoln reading dispatches or so forth, eyeglasses in place. It's respectable for younger people — as opposed to the above mentioned little old ladies — to use vision aids. But hearing aids are still too new fangled; that, combined with the cult of youth in this country makes things pretty uphill for Son — tone, I imagine.

California roads and freeways may be a different setup, but here in the Chicago hinterland all the roads are crowded, no matter the status. The only way to avoid this is to pick roads that don't really go anywhere; there are a few of these — roads whose connecting would-be big cities are dying. But eventually, if you're going from central Indiana to Milwaukee, say, you'll have to leave the deserted go-nowhere roads and get onto main arteries (all the roads around Chicago are main arteries). It boils down to toll arteries (long, but usually a bit safer) or free arteries (bumper to bumper city routes or bumper to bumper sixty-mile-an-hour expressways). Opening a new route doesn't

seem to affect the traffic on the older highways in the slightest; you just have more crowded highways. It doesn't start to thin out until you get a good distance from Chicago (which means a good distance from the toe of Lake Michigan -- since "Chicago" traffic means everything from the Illinois-Wisconsin line to Gary, Indiana and points east. I think John Keats had it right when he defined Chicago as "a blot on the landscape." A BIG blot. And I imagine the California coast is as bad or worse.

On your aging queries...yes, at thirty-two I do occasionally look ahead and feel a hurryhurry read everything, listen to everything, see everything compulsion. But mostly I find the present so interesting and compelling I tend to look on the past as a foundation and the future to be climbed. The large majority of my reading is non-fiction, and if it's a book I've selected in expectation of learning something, and I haven't by the end of the second chapter, I tend to skim or abandon that and take up something more challenging. There are some things I keep for nostalgia -- my archaeology books with their beautifully printed plates, reference books with compilations which enable me to look up the precise dates or figures on something or other, but most things I take up, I expect to teach me something. When I can't learn anything more, I'll decide I'm dead; but I rather imagine science and man's accumulated knowledge will keep well ahead of me.

KIM CHI: I hope you do get some more covers from Harold Krieger (but why does he sign his work "Kreiger"?), and that further he gets interested in doing artwork for fanzines in general...nice.

Yeah, I remember that "really marvelous local dark bheer" at the Detention. The light stuff wasn't bad, either. It impressed me, because as an old beer (or bheer) drinker, I was not expecting any reaction but pleasure from the stuff...after all, beer is merely the finest tasting of the soft drinks I'm so fond of (good beer -- bad beer, yech.) And this was indeed lovely stuff -- until I tried to stand up. I didn't feel dizzy, lightheaded or any other cliché stuff; I just had the very strong conviction that if I didn't sit down again instanter I would be flat on my face...fully conscious and in complete command of all my faculties save motor control, but flat on my face nonetheless. First and only time I've ever had that happen. I was impressed with that dark beer, yessir. Course, I was mixing or alternating the light and dark with a happy heft and skol...

I think you've been letting Marie mix her reading, too -- Dr. Seuss and Terry Southern...

Well, I tell you...the joy of a tub bath is you wash your face real quick and then you can put your glasses back on. In a shower you just stand there blindly and if you drop the soap, that's all, fellas...

Why aren't you closer so you could do all these car repairs for us, the ones you tell us how cheap they are just after we've paid through the nose for them?...like \$10 for a guy to fix our starter on a lathe (or that's what it looked like). You're very frustrating, you know. A truck threw up a rock on our windshield and the cracking is starting to spread; do we use epoxy or scotch tape, oh kindly long-distance auto mechanic?

I tell you -- as a non-smoker, cigarettes I can put up with to a certain point, then my sinuses run me out, pipes I rather enjoy sitting next to the smokers-of, but cigars tend to make me all green and barfy, particularly when steam-engine puffed in restaurants right next to the table where I'm sitting (and the air conditioning always sucks the smoke my way).

But I thought the girl that handled you was....maybe we'd better drop that line of extrapolation.

You sure you're nasty old anarchists and we're nasty old conservatives like the book says? We seem to agree on so many things, and we can always unnerve guests by informing them a fair amount of our American Heritage collection came from you...and no annotations or 'Down With The Bosses!' scrawled across em, neither.

CADENZA: I find your editorial eminently satisfying and echoing my own way of thinking. Note -- the Indiana Civil Liberties Union, which for years has driven the state American Legion and similar patriot professionals (or should that be professional patriots - oh well) absolutely frothing because they defend "pinkos", are now driving them bats because they're volunteering to defend some KKK nuts that have been arrested under a controversial state statute which bans "hate literature"...just when they had them pegged, too.

PROJECT REPORT: In light with my fascination with the archaeological and mythological, I found this very highly entertaining, and even in a few places encountered things I didn't know. Dandy. Any more?

SELF-PRESERVATION: Speaking of not being with it on slang, a term in current use continues to jar me -- I haven't yet adjusted to the casual way everyone is tossing around "camp". I don't know who picked up what from who, or who put one over (excuse the expression) but I suspect there's a lot of winking and thigh slapping going on in a number of corners when little old pure and churchy types use this in certain hearings.

SERCON'S BANE: Well, I tell you, the results on dieting are eye-pleasing, but I'm afraid the joys of eating outweigh it for me, and my family. I do enjoy seeing people eat something and obviously like it, and I tend to give them second helpings -- nay force it on them. Me, I take thirds...no desserts, just thirds.

DAKINI: But first you have to find the orientation of the goddess who is right for you. A sea priestess I know, but am not. Earth mother is more my response....and this is why I so deeply dug THE KING MUST DIE. There is frequent expression of the attitude that this or that particular deity is not one's own, and yet respect for these alien gods and goddesses...

ALLERLEI-DAY*STAR: Very much enjoyed, but if I'm going to get in this mailing I'd better leave the personal chatter (which is most of what I've got to say) for a letter and just say once around the floor again.

THE BREENIGAN AFTER ONE YEAR: (Speer) Since you are so fond of legal frames of reference, let's try a simile. The prosecuting attorney and staff of a small town started a suit against someone he considered a threat, and local statute would have enabled him to toss the threat out of the county -- but it had to go to trial. The jury, hastily called, heard the evidence presented it and voted acquittal. Now, a year later the prosecutor is still telling them they did wrong and hinting of evidence he didn't present. If, as he seems to imply, he did a sloppy job of presentation and preparation, he has no call to be surprised if some members of the jury, after being buttonholed by this same P. Atty and staff ad nauseum and told what they did wrong, begin to feel irritated at the P. Atty and his staff, rather than the threat they continue to be warned about. Even neutrals are beginning to cross the street to avoid this pest...not because they admire the threat but because they're sick of the continual post mortem.